

THE SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE

Novelized From a Thrilling
Photoplay Series Released
by the Mutual Film Co.

By E. Alexander Powell
The Famous War Correspondent

Romantic story of an undersea boat designed to remain beneath the surface for weeks, with the beautiful daughter of the inventor figuring as the heroine in thrilling situations.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edna, having been taken to the United States Navy Yard at Washington, and given first aid to the wounds of the young man, was taken to a place of safety. The story of the submarine boat, a machine designed to remain beneath the surface for weeks, was told to the young man. The story of the submarine boat, a machine designed to remain beneath the surface for weeks, was told to the young man. The story of the submarine boat, a machine designed to remain beneath the surface for weeks, was told to the young man.

THIRTEENTH EPISODE.

THE Bar-E ranch, to which Morton and Olga were carried after their rescue from the wrecked airplane, was a variable distance from the sea, for upward of thirty miles. The ranch was situated on the edge of a half a million acres, which stretched along the Mexican frontier for nearly three-score miles. Over this great domain the word of William Ellsworth, its owner, was law, and his cow-punchers saw to it that the law was obeyed. It was amid such surroundings that Olga and Morton, after lingering for several days at the gates of death, came back to consciousness.

"You have had a mighty close call, young woman," said the doctor whom Ellsworth had summoned from the nearest town, thirty miles away, as he sat one morning at Olga's bedside. "And so has your friend, for he was nearly dead. Now the best thing for you to do is to stay right here until you are in shape again. It's a healthy, quiet life, and you will recover much quicker here than you would in the city. Mr. Ellsworth tells me that you are welcome to stay here as long as you wish."

Thus it came about that a month after their accident Olga and Morton were still at the Bar-E ranch. Though impatient to resume their search for the lost formula, they realized that they had by no means regained their strength and that they could not do better than to accept the doctor's advice to make haste slowly. They were now sufficiently recovered, however, to spend several hours each day in the saddle, making leisurely excursions up and down the San Juan river, for Ellsworth was anxious that they should confine their rides to the valley and not venture into the canyons unless some of the cowboys accompanied them.

"And it's just as well to have a gun along," he had added quietly. "There's never any telling when you may need it."

"What for?" asked Morton.

"Bears!"

"No," answered Ellsworth. "Hansards!"

"Bansards?" echoed Morton incredulously. "I thought that sort of thing was all over in California. I supposed that bansards were confined to the West."

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"IT IS AN ODD BOOK TO FIND IN SUCH A PLACE," SAID OLGA.

looked by a score of cowboys armed to the teeth, was clattering up the valley toward the mouth of the Costilla canyon. At the head of the canyon, however, the pursuers from this point were compelled to pause, for from this point two trails led into the mountains and in the darkness, it was impossible to tell which of them the bandits and their captives had taken. As they were discussing the question, one of the cowboys spied something white lying on the ground. It was a woman's handkerchief.

"We're on the right trail, boys," cried Ellsworth.

"The first faint light of dawn was gliding the peaks of the Sierras when Olga and Morton were roughly awakened by their captors and ordered to mount. As the little cavalcade slowly made its way up the trail, which now became extremely steep, a rifle shot rang out and the trees below a second shot followed and then another. Five minutes later one of the bandits who had been acting as a rear guard came hurrying up. Around his head was twisted a handkerchief which was a splash of crimson.

"The puncher!" he gasped. "They're right behind us—twenty of 'em!"

The leader of the hand picked out a torrent of outlaw. "You're called to one of his men, a half-breed of peculiarly evil appearance, and Manuel go ahead with the prisoners. If they try to run away or make any trouble shoot 'em. The rest of us will hold back the punchers until you've got a good start."

In obedience to his orders, Olga and Morton, with their two guards, pushed on up the hill, while the bandits took shelter behind rocks and trees to check the advance of the men of the Bar-E. As the prisoners and their guards reached the overhanging crags which marked the entrance to the pass, a splutter of rifle fire suddenly broke out below them. The cowboys and the bandits were in a deadly struggle.

Leaving the pass, their trail now led across the roughest country that Morton had ever seen. Jose turned his horse from the trail and, pushing his way through a screen of brush, entered a narrow cleft in which appeared, from a little distance, to be a solid wall of rock to emerge, a moment later, in a veritable secret valley. From the top of one of the cliffs a mountain stream tumbled in a series of cascades and waterfalls to the valley floor, across which it wound and twisted its way. Subterraneanly upon the other side, beside the stream some tents were pitched and beyond them was an open fireplace over which a man was cooking. Instead of dismounting, Olga and Morton straight across the valley toward the cliff on the opposite side. As they approached, Morton noticed, cut in the face of the cliff, a square aperture which resembled the entrance to a small tunnel or to the entry of a mine. He guessed, and rightly, that it was the entrance to one of those natural caverns with which the Sierras had been so liberally endowed. A few words in Spanish with a fellow-bandit, evidently a sentry, and, evidently receiving an answer in the affirmative, flung himself from his horse and strode, with jangling spurs, into the cavern. Olga and Morton, sitting their horses, could hear a murmur of voices within, but the words were indistinguishable. Presently Jose reappeared, accompanied by a man who, the sentry just mentioned, was the outlaw chief himself. They were in the presence of the man whose name was a synonym for small, leather-bound book entitled "Robinson's Philosophy." There was something about the title that was vaguely familiar. As she opened the book she drew her eyes sharply. For, in faded writing on the title page was the name "Ralph Burke." It was the lost book. . . . the very volume of which she had dreamed so long in her search. And, by one of those miraculous coincidences which causes fiction to hang its head in shame, she had come upon it in the cave of the bandit who had captured her. Feverishly she turned its leaves until she came to page sixty-one. There was nothing on it! But

wait! Looking closer she detected, printed in minute characters between the two lower lines of type, half a dozen words—so small and faintly written that they would escape the notice of one who was not looking for them. "Metallurgy," she deciphered, "sixty-one—every seventh word."

She stared stupidly at the message for some minutes before its meaning became clear. It could mean but one thing: the formula was not contained in the Philosophy, as she and Morton had taken for granted, but in a work on metallurgy—the very one, no doubt, which she and Morton had left in Patten's cabin on the ledge, and from which, she now remembered, the title page had been torn. The search for the formula was by no means ended.

Throwing herself on the bed Olga carefully considered her position and her chances for escape. She now felt confident that she held the key to the mystery in her hand—but it was worthless to her unless she could regain her freedom. Producing the knife she had surreptitiously taken from the

table, she commenced industriously to whet it upon the rocky wall of the cave. After an hour's work she straightened her aching back and regarded her work admiringly. She had converted the steel table knife into a dagger with almost a razor edge.

It was sunset when Olga was awakened from a sleep of exhaustion by the unheralded entrance of Carrillo. The few hours of rest had restored her naturally high color; she had loosened her hair, which fell to her waist in a cascade of glossy black, and her blouse, which was open at the neck, displayed a bewitching glimpse of her marble neck and shoulders.

Carrillo, by no means oblivious to her charms, crossed the room and seated himself on the edge of the bed beside her.

"Hello, have you been reading this?" he inquired, picking up the volume of philosophy, which, unbeknown to her, had slipped from beneath her pillow.

"I found it on your table," she answered nonchalantly. "It is an odd

Carrillo bent over her, his eyes ablaze. As though charmed by him, Olga put her arm about his neck and drew him down. Her other hand, drawing from its place of concealment the freshly whetted knife, crept slowly upward until the glittering blade was poised above the bandit's back.

book to find in such a place. Where did you get it?"

"One of my men found it lying on a mountain trail several weeks ago," he replied carelessly. "He knew that books are scarce up here and that I am fond of reading, so he brought it in. That," and he flung the book aside impatiently, "it is not of anything so stupid as philosophy that I would talk with you, my dear."

"What is it that you would talk of then?" she asked softly.

"Of yourself," he whispered, and bent over her. Closer and closer he bent, his eyes ablaze. As though charmed by him, she put her arm about his neck and drew him down until his head rested upon her breast, while her other hand, drawing from its place of concealment the freshly whetted knife, crept slowly upward . . . up . . . up . . . until the glittering blade was poised above his broadcloth covered back. Then, just as he pressed his lips against her in a burst of emotion, she brought it down with all the strength of her arm, burying the blade to the very hilt between his shoulders.

"You she-devil!" he gasped, attempting to gain his feet, but with one arm about his neck she held him firmly down while with the other she drove the long, keen blade again and again into his body. Then, her work accomplished, she flung him, dying to the floor. Quick as thought she was kneeling beside him and, thrusting her hand within his blood-soaked vest, she drew out the long, blue-barreled automatic which he carried, gambler fashion, in a sling beneath his armpit. Cocking the weapon, she paused only long enough to pick up the book which Carrillo had tossed to the floor, and then moved on tiptoe toward the door. Tied to a tree a few rods away was Carrillo's chest, and ready saddled. But as she darted toward the animal a heavy hand fell upon her shoulder and she whirled about to find herself staring full into the evil countenance of Jose. And in his face she read suspicion. Without an instant's hesitation she raised the pistol and shot him through the heart. The crash of the explosion brought two other figures running toward her in mad haste; the first was the rufian called

Manuel; the other was Morton. As the bandit came within range she again raised her weapon, took careful aim, and fired. The bullet struck him in the stomach, and with a scream of pain he stopped, whirled about, stumbled a few paces, and fell headlong.

"That's happened!" called Morton. "Where's Carrillo? Where did you get the book?"

"I've killed him!" she gasped. "I stabbed him with a table knife . . . and I've learned where to look for the secret of the submarine!" holding up the book.

"First heavens!" he ejaculated, "where did you find it?"

"In the cave," she answered. "One of Carrillo's men—but she was interrupted by a shot and the whine of a bullet passing overhead. The rest of the bandits, aroused by the two shots she had fired, were running toward them.

"Quick!" cried Morton, imperatively. "Give me the gun. I'll stand them off while you get on the horse . . . then I'll get up behind you and we'll make a break for it."

In obedience to his command she handed him the weapon and turned to untie the horse. As she did so Morton caught her by the throat, wrested from her grasp the precious volume, hurried her to one side and sprang into the saddle.

"You fool!" he snarled savagely, "do you think I intend to let you get the formula? And, striking his horse in the horse's flanks he thundered across the little valley, leaped the brook, and to an accompaniment of shots and oaths from the bewildered outlaws, dashed through the fissure in the rock and disappeared.

So astonished were the bandits by Morton's melodramatic escape, and so intent were they on his capture, that they failed to observe Olga, who aided by the twilight which was now at hand, slipped from tree to tree and from rock to rock until she gained the top of the mountain. There, in the gathering darkness, she was spurred on by hatred and the hope for vengeance.

(To Be Continued.)

The Fourteenth Instalment of THE SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE Will Be Published Monday, August 21

Original Home Dressmaking Designs By The Evening World's Fashion Expert

Any Woman May Give
Her Frocks a Touch of
Individuality by Adapt-
ing the Modes to Her
Own Personality—Sim-
plest Detail Will Suffice for Most.

By Mildred Lederick.

To make one's costume an expression of character is to adapt the modes, whatever they may be, to one's own personality, to give one's clothes that individual touch which to the French woman comes as a natural attribute of her nature. There are as many different ways of individualizing a frock as there are different women to wear them, but many times the simplest detail will do the trick.

On a frock of dark blue chiffon or voile two narrow rows of cherry red velvet ribbon tied about the waistline to hold the skirt fullness into a tiny rill above the ribbon; on a simple white organdy frock a wash of its own material finished across the ends with wool fringe or with bands of Roman stripe ribbon; on a lace or net frock perky bows of colored ribbon on the skirt, placed at intervals apart; on a serge frock the odd placing of a few buttons or a bit of embroidery, are all means which one may take to express her personality.

Of course, the casual and general design of a frock must necessarily be efficiently plain to admit of such added touches, but if a woman develops her own frocks she can use any number of such simple means to distinguish them. For her, the design I am showing will be appreciated. Narrow straps and bands are given unusually presumptive trimming qualities on a plain waist and skirt. When combined with a broad collar and wide cuffs, an exceedingly smart effect is achieved.

At the left I have suggested the use of light weight serge for the frock, in any color desired, with silk to match for all the trimming pieces. If dark blue serge were selected a stripe or plaid silk could be used effectively, the stripes cut to run around, while the plaid should be cut on the bias. This would offer an opportunity for a living touch of color, such as red, green or yellow, which might line the plaid selected.



needed, and for school girls a frock not too dressy for practical wear.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

Dear Fashion Editor:

I have eight yards of goods like a sample—light blue silk mul- and would like to develop an evening dress for myself from the same. I am fifteen years old, have a slight figure, blond hair and fresh complexion. I will be greatly appreciative if you will advise me about a pretty design.

L. T.

Blue taffeta ribbon is such as sketched on a plain straight skirt, with ronebuds topping each point. Ribbon around blouse of waist and round around neck. Wider ribbon sash.

Dear Fashion Editor:

I am a business woman and have adopted a somewhat severe style of dressing, but would appreciate your advice concerning this dress. I have two and a half yards of black satin which I thought could be used with serge if you could advise me of a suitable way of doing it. Am 5 feet 5 inches tall. Would like my shoulders to appear broader. Am thirty-five years old.

Satin could form the tunic part of dress with black silk braid as trim- ming. A tie which can be changed at will for different becoming colors.

Dear Fashion Editor:

Would the enclosed sketch of yours be a good design for me, as I am having a blue serge dress made for business. If so, what color collar, &c., could I use? I am 5 feet 3 inches tall, have light brown hair, brown eyes, no color in my cheeks. I. H.

The design you sketched is not suitable for me as it would tend to cut off your height. A sage green silk collar and cuffs or light tan.

HOUSE-HUNTING.
(From "The Evening World.")
Flatbush—Did you ever lose much time house-hunting?
Hensonhurst—Oh, yes; we lived out a succession of times and we had a 57-clone. I spent six days looking for my house.